

Double the Trouble by Kiku_Takamoto

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Summary:

For Billy Hargrove moving was supposed to be uneventful, or as uneventful as a move can be. Learning he had a damn twin was not on the itinerary.

1. It Takes Two to Tango

Author's Note:

Enjoy another drunken fic of mine!

Chapter 1 - It takes Two to Tango

“Please Mate! I only have that one day to pick a costume!” Steve groaned; he didn’t want to deal with more of his friends pleading at the moment. Long time childhood friend or not, as far as he was concerned he was dying from whatever flu he got while drunkenly swimming in his pool in the middle of fall. How was he supposed to know the heater was broken?

“Fine, I need to buy a Halloween costume anyways for the party. But you owe me tea and a shit load of Tylenol!” Steve could practically hear his friend grinning from the other line.

“Thanks man! I gotta run, mum’s getting the car ready to go back to Hawkins!”

“Alright Torres, I’ll pick you at 1 tomorrow! Bye!” with that Steve hung up and with great pain began to dress himself before running out the door to make it to school. If it was up to him, he would skip completely but no, Asher wanted all his schoolwork so he didn’t get behind in class. Plus, he would get on Steve’s ass if his grades began to drop (because missing a day in school apparently causes that in Asher’s mind).

“Torres, you gonna be the death of me. Why do you have to be such a

goodie two shoes when it comes to school?”

Steve swore to himself that his friend had two separate personalities.

- Hawkins High School -

“Thanks for the pick-up, Steve sounded like he was dying on the phone. I’m glad you two are on better terms,” Nancy smiled at Jonathan. It had been a couple of weeks since Jonathan and Steve had that fist fight with each other, but thankfully between Will being found and the upside-down stuff being temporally halted things were more or less normal. Or as normal as they could be.

As Jonathan and Nancy walked towards the school, the sound of a loud motor caught both their attention. The smile on Jonathan’s face vanished immediately as he and Nancy looked at the direction of the noise with small interest.

The sound radiated from a blue muscle car, to Jonathan it was no doubt a Camaro, with the license plate- California? That wasn’t something you saw often, or at all in Hawkins. As the car finally parked what the two saw next made them feel a weird sense of déjà vu came over them. The guy that came out was tall, blonde, muscular and the very definition of metal head. But his face-

“Jonathan?” Nancy whispered out looking at the guy in disbelief, a look shared by Jonathan. He didn’t take his eye off of the guy.

“Yeah?”

“Is my vision playing tricks on me or does that guy look exactly like Asher?” Jonathan nodded his head slowly.

“It’s like he and Torres have the same face. Give the guy a long hair quiff and I don’t think anyone could tell them apart,” for a moment Jonathan wondered if the upside down had somehow caught his friend and morphed a new clone, an evil looking clone at that, into their world. Yet, what they were seeing was much more of a natural weird coincidence than anything else, no supernatural forces required.

Nancy looked the guy then back at Jonathan, with hesitation she asked, “Could it be Asher?”

Jonathan felt his brain doing mental gymnastics before looking back at the guy as he got a closer look, “Let’s put it to the test. Hey, Torres!”

As soon as Jonathan yelled that Nancy half heartily expected the guy to turn around, but it’s like the guy didn’t hear them, instead he walked right past them. He didn’t even give them a second glance. Yeah, Jonathan was quiet, but even the students standing beside the pair could clearly hear him.

As the new mystery guy entered the school Jonathan and Nancy were no longer the only ones with confused looks, even some of the teachers look confused, yet no one made a move to talk or ask the guy. Not that they could blame each other, the guy looked like he could swing a deadly right hook at anyone who looked at him the wrong way.

“Jonathan ... I think we need to tell Steve and Asher- “

“Tell Steve and Asher’ what?” the pair turned around to see it was Steve, dark eyed, red faced, bundled up in a coat and scarf and all. If it weren’t for their newest discovery Nancy would have been all over Steve in his current state.

“Steve! Did Asher already come back from Indianapolis airport?” Steve gave the best bewildered look he could give with his darkened eyes and clogged sinuses.

“What? No. He called this morning to check in on me. All but begged me to get his homework and shit, that damn goody two shoe asshole,” he chuckled silently before going into a coughing spell. He looked like he was about to pass out. Jonathan came over swinging Steve’s arm over his shoulder before leading him inside.

“Come on man, I’ll help you get Asher’s stuff and take you home,” as Jonathan led Steve into the school Nancy saw the same guy from before flirting with one of the popular girls, Tina. She was obviously flirting with him to get him to come to the Halloween bash tomorrow night. How she didn’t notice the striking similarities between him and Asher was beyond Nancy’s comprehension. Then again, Tina wasn’t exactly the ‘brains over beauty’ type of girl.

“So, would you to come Billy?”

“Free booze, I’m all for it,” he flirted back. His voice caught Nancy’s

attention. He had no accent to speak of, he sounded like every other All-American boy.

“Ok, so he is definitely not Asher, but ... how?” before Nancy could think anymore, she ran to catch up with Steve and Jonathan, not even noticing that Billy was now looking in Steve’s direction. He gave a hidden look of concern while pointing at Steve, who was now being held up by Nancy too.

“Who’s the Pretty Boy?”

Tina rolled her eyes, “That’s Steve Harrington, he was called king Steve. He used to be cool until he started hanging out with that freak and girlfriend of his. Oh, and there is that weird Australian dude he’s been hanging around with since second grade.”

Billy raised an eyebrow, he didn’t expect that, “Australian? Here in Hawkins?”

“Yeah, any way’s see you this Saturday?”

- Later on -

Billy knew something was up. People around him looked at him as if he were the most interesting specimen they ever saw, but not in the way he was used to. He was used to intimidation, awareness, admiration, that’s not what he got. People looked at him like they saw a damn ghost. Did city people really scare hicks that easily

around here?

It only got weirder when he entered his last class. It was the first class he didn't have to introduce himself and do all the new student bullshit. Not that he could complain, but he knew something was off. The teachers weirded outlook answered his suspicions.

"Mr. Torres, you back already?" What the fuck?

"Uh, sir? My name is Billy Hargrove? Ya know, new guy?" the teacher gave a look before checking the roster again. This time looking like a wire short circuited in his brain.

"Oh! I apologize for that, Mr. Hargrove. Would you like to introduce yourself?"

"I already did 5 times today," the teacher rolled his eyes fixing the attendance sheet.

"Ok then, that means only Mr. Torres is out, along with Mr. Harrington after the nurse called me earlier today. Alright we can get stated," Billy didn't listen for the rest of class. He knew something wasn't normal about this whole situation.

"Who's this Torres guy? Why do people confuse me with him? Do we dress the same or what?"

All he knew was had to find out more about this guy. He would not get mixed up for a small town burn out for the rest of the time he was stuck here.

- Next Morning, Dan's Cafe –

Asher was exhausted. Between driving to pick up his parents from the airport and then drive all the way back was exhausting. He was thankful that it was Saturday, because one he could go the party tonight and two, he could relax before having to do the mad dash to finish his missed homework assignment. Yeah, he was only out of school for two days, but he hated getting behind.

“So how was Australia for your parents?” Steve asked, ignoring the itch in his throat.

Asher grinned, at least his friends cough was finally breaking away, and just in time for Halloween. Plus, it was break from talking about paranormal bullshit, “They said it was fun. Though, they wished I came with them.”

“Dude, it’s a wedding,” Steve deadpanned, ‘Doesn’t sound like much fun, if you can’t enjoy some booze.”

Asher chuckled silently, he couldn’t disagree on that. Responsible student or not, he was still a teenager that liked to indulge in reckless fun. Enjoying free booze was one of them.

“Yeah, besides I get to spend every summer and spring break there anyways. Plus, if I left the time zones even more then I already do my sleeping schedule would be murder on me. Why mum still wants to live in this ice box is beyond me,” with that he downed his last bit of coffee before paying for his and his friends tabs.

“By the way I got an A on the calculus test,” Steve announced as they left the cafe. Asher gave a small smile.

“Nice, I knew you weren’t dumb. Well, you still kinda are- “

“I jumped in the pool one time without the heater!” Steve rebutted, sneezing into his elbow. He chose to conveniently ignore his friends ‘I told you so’ face.

“Yeah, with all you clothes still on. In the middle of bloody fall!”

“Yeah, yeah!”

As the left to go across the street and into the nearest clothing shop, they both failed to notice the Camaro parking in the parking lot not far from them.

“Just find something, shitbird,” Billy demanded silently, not even waiting for his sister to enter the shop with him. Max rolled her eyes before looking around for anything good that she could use for Halloween tonight, the further she stayed away from Billy the better off they both would be.

She was so engrossed in her search that she didn't even noticed she walked right into someone.

"Oh sorry- "she stopped dead in her tracks when she saw the stranger. If she didn't know better, she could have sworn she was looking at right at her brother ... but it wasn't him. Max half expected him to start yelling at her, but instead he gave a small grin.

"Now worries," he replied back before going back to another guy that was picking out something that looked like a blazer. Max froze, the guy definitely wasn't her brother. Everything about him was different, his hair, his accent ... the fact he didn't treat her like garbage.

"*What's going on?*" all she could do was watch as he went with his search and out of her sight.

Meanwhile Steve was on a mission to find anything that could pass for a *Risky Business* costume like Nancy wanted. He was engrossed in his search he didn't even know he bumped right into a broad chest. Before he could even apologize, he saw it was his friend, but he looked annoyed, "Watch yourself, Pretty Boy."

Steve blinked in confusion as his friend went back to looking for stuff in a different aisle, what was wrong with him? Since when did he change clothes? And was he going crazy or was his friend wearing a really shitty looking mullet wig right now?

"Maybe he is more tired than he thought ..." Steve tried to reason to himself, he knew his friend had better taste than that. Before he could back to searching his friend came back with a small grin. Now he looked normal after dressing up like some metal douchebag just seconds ago. Now Steve was getting mad, why was his friend playing these types of jokes on him?

"Hey mate, I actually found a jacket that won't break my wallets- "

"What the hell man?" Asher's smile dropped.

"What's wrong?"

"You tell me! And since when did you call me 'Pretty Boy'?" with that Steve turned around deciding to look for sunglasses. Asher raised an eyebrow, why was his friend so angry? What the hell did he do?

"Maybe Harrington is sicker than I thought. Well, I did force him to pick up my homework ..." but still, where did Steve get the idea that Asher ever once called him 'Pretty Boy'?

As Steve looked for glasses, he still felt royally annoyed. How could his friend forget something he said literally a minute ago? Steve rubbed a hand through his hair, this was giving him a damn headache.

He decided to go find his friend so he could pay for some shit and leave, but something made his eyes dance. Steve had sworn he saw

two Asher's just walk into two separate aisles. Now he was really confused.

"Damn, this medication Torres got is stronger than I thought. I need some air," Steve followed his friend before grabbing him by the shoulder. He didn't even notice that his friend stiffened below his hand.

'Hey man, I'll be right back- "

"Why the fuck are you touching me?" the blonde turned around demanding an answer. Now Steve was convinced he was in strange dream, did Asher change costumes again? And why did he switch accents ... again? Either way Steve felt his patience run thin.

"Ok Torres quit the fake American accent; it doesn't even sound good. And quit fuckin with me already- "before he could finish his sentence, he felt a hand shove him back.

"I don't know what the fuck you're talking about. I would back up if I were you. Even a pretty mouth like yours can't save you," before Billy could teach this guy a lesson, two voices shouted from both sides of the aisle.

"Hey mate, leave him alone!"

"Billy, can we go now? I found a cost-"

Suddenly the air in the room seemed to still. As Asher and Max got closer, they both could only give a look of incredulous disbelief at what they were seeing. Steve turned around to see it was Asher before looking slowly back at the guy he was just talking to, he slowly backed away not trusting his eyesight at the moment. He was silently thankful that the girl, Billy's sister or whoever she was, looked just as shocked, it made him feel less crazy than he did before they stepped foot in the shop.

But no one was more stunned than Billy and Asher themselves. Neither of the blondes said anything. Instead, both of them circled each other while looking at each as if they were looking at a new species.

Billy was the first to break the silence, "Who the fuck are you?"

"I could ask you the same thing, mate," Asher responded. He already didn't like this guy, he was arrogant, an asshole, the typical metalhead that he always saw whenever he went to Metallica concerts. The fact he shared his face wasn't helping matters. Billy more or less had the same thoughts.

"Is that your real voice?"

"Considering my mum is originally from Australia and my dad is a full bred Aussie, well you can do the math. Right?" Billy's eyes widened; this was too strange to be a coincidence. He stepped closer eyeing Asher up and down. Why did he feel like he knew this guy from somewhere? Well, besides the damn fact it was like looking in a fuckin' mirror.

“Funny, my mom was from Australia too before she came to the states in the 60s. What’s your mom’s name?”

“Melissa Anderson,” as soon he heard that name Billy’s whole face paled. Asher swallowed a knot in his throat, Billy’s face all but confirmed his hidden suspicion. He had the same nagging suspicion.

For the first time in minutes Steve stepped forward clearing his throat, “Uhh, what’s your birthdate?”

“November 22, 1967” both answered in unison. As soon as they answered they both looked even more flustered. Steve could feel this going downhill quickly.

“Oh God, please just let them have the same birthday ... and face. There is no way this asshole is Asher’s twin.”

“Place of birth?” Billy demanded.

“Santa Monica,” both answered, now Steve was seriously wondering if he was delusional or not. This was too weird to comprehend. Max watched the exchange in silence, this was too interesting for her to interrupt.

“Allergy?” Asher demanded back.

“Penicillin,” again both of them gave the same answer. By now both

looked ready to blow up. Whether it was from shock, anxiety or anger that they both had a hidden sibling nobody bothered to tell them about, Steve didn't know. All he knew was he needed to cool down the situation before things escalated.

After a few moments of hesitation Steve broke the silence by grabbing Asher's shoulder.

"Hey man, maybe you and ... uh- "he looked in Max's direction silently asking for help. She looked more unnerved than he did at the moment.

"B-Billy," she muttered.

"Billy should talk ... I mean ... you did say you always wanted a brother. You kinda got your wish- "Steve stopped talking, mentally noting that Billy looked ready to kill him.

"So much for trying to settle a conflict the civil way," Steve rolled his eyes, yeah it was shock, but did the guy have to be such a prick about it?

Asher let out a long groan, running hand through his hair before Looking at Billy again, "Listen, maybe I can talk to mum and we can work something out- "

Before he could finish Billy, all but grabbed his collar forcing him outside, "Oi! Let go of me! Get off!"

Max ran after them abandoning her costume, “Billy! Stop!”

Steve groaned as he forced his lungs to start working. This was not how he wanted to spend his Saturday. He all but ran outside. Brother or not, he couldn't let his friend deal with this asshole on his own.

2. Dancing with Myself

Summary for the Chapter:

The Halloween Bash leads to a lot of bad decisions

Notes for the Chapter:

Enjoy the continuation of my drunk writing (even though I changed some things around to fit the characters)!

Comment if you can, I love reading them!

Chapter 2 – Dancing with Myself

“Mate! Let go already!” after a couple of fail attempts at punching the guy finally was able to free himself from the guys (brothers?) grip. But the angry look was still itched onto his face.

“Where is she?” Asher almost scuffed at this, now this guy wants to ask questions?

“Where is who?”

“Mom. Mate” Billy repeated, with an exaggerated accent. If it weren’t for the seriousness of the situation Asher would have mocked the guy for the weak attempt.

“Not here, she’s in Indianapolis, won’t be back for a few days,” now this was his chance to ask questions.

“Where is dad?”

“Neil’s with Susan, his new wife, mother of shitbird,” God, why did he have look like this asshole?

“Why do you call dad by his first name- “

“Asher!”

“Billy!”

Both turned around to see Steve and Max make a mad dash towards the both of them. Asher normally teased Steve on his savoir complex but by now he was more than grateful to have a distraction.

Soon all four were together, no said a word. Well, until Steve could be counted on.

“Look man, twin or not don’t go around dragging him like a ragdoll, people are gonna talk- “

“Steve, ‘Asher interrupted, ‘In case you have noticed, we both have the same face. People already saw him at school and once they see me at the Halloween Bash- “

“Whoa, amigo. You mean the one tonight? “

“Yes, amigo.’ Asher repeated back in, this mocking Billy’s accent. Inwardly he cringed, he hated that he was already stooping to this guy’s level, ‘You better not show up- “

Billy scuffed at the empty threat, “Don’t tell me what to do, Aussie boy.”

“Then what do you suppose we do? Switch places? Do the whole ‘Parent Trap’ bullshit?”

“Ok enough!’ Steve yelled, placing himself between the two before any fights could ensue, ‘Look this a weird enough situation, lets party, get drunk and do whatever bullshit tonight. Then we can deal with this shit on Monday before everything blows up. Ok?”

“I’m with pretty boy on this one,’ Billy lit up a cigarette, taking the time to eye up Steve before meeting eyes again with Asher, ‘Some alcohol will make this bullshit so much more tolerant. Especially if I have to be mistaken for you all year.”

“Whatever,’ Asher muttered, he was ready to drive as fast as he could out of here, anywhere but here sounded better, ‘Come on Steve, let’s go.”

“But the costume- “

“Just use some shit from last year mate!” Steve felt his eyebrows shoot up as Asher stalked away; he never saw his friend get this upset before. He knew there was much more to this then his friend was letting on.

“Ash! Asher!” Max exhaled slowly as the pair ran to the sidewalk where the café was, this went way better than what she imagined. She hesitantly looked at Billy as if he was already not the ticking time bomb he already was. The blonde rolled his eyes, handing some money over to Max before going to a nearby coffee shop.

“Just buy what you need, I need some caffeine, ” Max raised her eyebrows in shock. Billy never has once missed the opportunity to call her shitbird or his other pet names. Then again, he looked so shocked, so angry, so upset ... she couldn't really blame him for not acting like himself. First the move, then he finds a guy who turns out to be his twin and the mom he thought abandoned him happens to be in the same town the moved to. Who could really blame him?”

Without a moment to waste she ran back inside to buy her costume before her brother could change his mind and leave her stranded in the middle of the town square. As she ran back inside, she saw Asher and Steve argue inside a beat-up looking Lincoln before Asher began driving off, the arguing didn't cease.

Max, for whatever reason, felt a smile come to face. Asher seemed nice enough, not an angry asshole like Billy. Then again, Asher wasn't raised with Neil domineering his every move in life, had they switched places Max could see Asher act very much, if not exactly, like Billy. Yet, the yelling match he had with Steve in his car implied

to her that Asher had some of his own issues, but he kept them all bottled up.

Max almost scuffed at the observation, Billy did the same emotion hiding bullshit, *"Maybe twins do share similar personalities."*

She only had two goals in mind.

"Billy needs Asher in his life, and I need someone I can actually depend on."

- Later that Night -

"Dude, I know your Australian and shit, but that costume is going to freeze your tits," Asher rolled his eyes at his friend as he drove himself, Steve and Nancy to Tina's Halloween Bash. Jonathan was invited by Nancy, but he hadn't bothered to tell her or anyone if he was showing up or not.

"At least I don't like a Tom Cruise knock off."

"Hey! If Nancy wanted *Risky Business*, then I give her *Risky Business*!" Nancy gave a small smile, but even Asher could tell it was fake in rear view mirror. He had to fight back his real reaction with every ounce of self-control he could muster. He had no right warn or tell Steve what to do. It was his friend's business, but if anything did go wrong, he would help Steve however he could. Even if that just meant getting drunk for the night.

As they made it to the party the amount of stares Asher felt on him was so apparent that even the loud music playing inside the house couldn't distract him. People were looking at him with such intense interest, he knew it meant only one thing. Billy was here.

Steve clasped a hand on his shoulder, "Come on man, it a big house. You probably won't even see him- "

Steve stopped as soon as he saw Billy come back outside with Tommy in tow. Suddenly the whole room stopped, staring at the two groups. Then he realized why everyone was staring. Not only because they were here, no, not just that. They were wearing the same fucking costume.

"This asshole like 'Terminator' too? Is my life some endless joke?"

Billy froze looking just as surprised as Asher. Before either could speak Tommy in his drunken giggly state looked at both of them in deep concentration before looking down into his solo cup, "Shit, this stuff really. pure fuel. Ha! Talk about 'Dancing with Myself', right Hargrove? Haha!"

Asher couldn't even find it in himself to feel annoyed, how the hell did he and Billy end up wearing the same fuckin costume? So much for avoiding suspicion. Billy seems to have the thought. He walked over to Asher with a big smirk, "Nice costume Torres, almost looks just as good on you as it does on me."

Was this guy serious?

“We have the same costume and face, dumbass,” before Billy could respond, Tina and Carol interrupted with all the shock written on their faces.

“Oh, God,’ Tina gasped looking back and forth at the two blondes, ‘You two are ... are ...”

“Yeah,’ Asher smirked at Billy, he wasn’t going to let this asshole walk around like he owned the place, ‘I’m him, but better.”

Billy smirked back, he could take a challenge, “Better in what, Aussie boy? Riding kangaroos or choking on vegemite?”

“Na, mate. If I wanted a lesson on choking, I would hire you for that,” at that moment Billy looked ready to kill him. But leave it to Tommy Hagan to get involved in shit that he doesn’t belong in.

“I bet you can’t beat Hargrove at the keg stand, he already beat Harrington!”

“You’re on, mate,” before Asher could continue walking, Steve grabbed his shoulder.

“Man, what are you doing? He’s obviously playing you on. Don’t do this, remember the last time you got drunk-”

“Harrington, let me be dumb teenager for one night. Bugger off, ok? In case you’ve forgotten I found out I was lied to for I don’t know how long. Yeah?”

Steve raised his arms in fake surrender, he wasn’t going to get involved in this mess. He would just be there when Asher needed someone to pick him back on his feet. With a blink of an eye Asher disappeared to the backyard. Not even a minute later he balanced himself into a headstand as he chugged on bitter beer that a down his throat.

Billy wouldn’t say it outload, but he was genuinely impressed. His twin brother or whoever the fuck he was, was doing a fuckin handstand on his own, no help needed. Even he couldn’t compete with that shit, *“How the fuck can he do that?”*

“Torres is more impressive than I thought,” Carol joked admiring the view as Tommy and the rest of the basketball team counted, ‘He’s on the swim and dive team, I guess you could say he’s the king of the team. Maybe he’s not such a loser after all.”

For some reason hearing that struck Billy the wrong way, “Loser?”

Carol raised an eyebrow, looking startled, “Yeah, he’s always worried about his grades and stuff. Not to mention he’s such a mama’s boy. I bet the bitch probably keeps a lease on him. She has the same dorky accent and everything”

If it weren't for the crowd and the alcohol impairing his eyesight, Billy would have decked the stupid girl. He didn't care about Asher or his rep, but anyone who talked shit about or relating to his mother was instantly on his shit list.

"Torres has a minute and 3 seconds!" someone yelled, everyone started cheering, some just enjoying the moment while others looked surprised at the guys hidden talent. Billy would have celebrated had it not been for how out of shape Asher obviously was. Suddenly now it made sense why Steve tried to stop him earlier.

"Shit, the guys an emotional drinker."

Asher could barely walk; he knew he needed Steve to help him. He could slowly feel the very reason why he avoided heavy drinking. He turned into an unfiltered asshole. An over the top emotional one at that. Asher Torres was more or less an emotional drunk, a stupid stubborn one at that.

He didn't care. This whole situation was fucked up. He was expecting to come home, do homework, get coffee with his sick stupid friend and then party on Halloween. Finding out he had twin, a lost brother, one that his mom had lied to him about, was not on his schedule. Hell, it wasn't even in the ball field of possible situations that he would ever imagine himself in.

"Just one more drink, and I can forget all this bullshit," he muttered to himself, the punch ball was red and brown, clearly whiskey mixed with punch, 'Perfect.'

His plan to get completely wasted would have worked, if Nancy fuckin' Wheeler hadn't shown up right in front of him. She looked at him with quiet concern as he tried to gather some alcohol, only to be stopped by her.

"Come on Ash, you've had enough to drink," Nancy pleaded trying to take the drink away from him. But. the blonde gave a grunt in return.

"I'm fine," he growled trying harder to take the solo cup. Nancy pushed back, the next thing the pair knew, Nancy's white top was covered. The red drink soaked through her white shirt in an instant.

"Ohh!" someone yelled. Soon everyone was staring at the pair. Flushing down her own embarrassment Nancy led herself and Asher away before he could do anything more stupid or damaging.

"Come on, Asher. I'll take you home," but Asher was making the simple task harder for her. Not far away Jonathan was watching everything, he knew this was about to get ugly. The death glare Asher gave Nancy while leaning against his car answered that suspicion.

"You're shyte," Nancy looked at him owl eyed.

"W-What?"

"You're shyte. You don't love Steve. you like Johnny boy," Asher rasped. Nancy swallowed the lump in her throat, she never saw Asher

like this before. Yet, she couldn't find it in herself to disagree with him.

"That's- "

"Shyte. I've seen the way you look at him. And at Steve in the car ... on the way here ... yo-you couldn't even fake smile ... don't be break his h-heart, the poor bloke already has to deal with no rents around him constantly."

"I still care for him- "

"Caring for him isn't the same as loving him,' Asher looked ready to pass out, 'Tell him the truth. Y-Yeah?"

Just as Asher was about to fall on Nancy a pair of arms barely held him up, Nancy saw through her clouded eyes that it was Jonathan, and in that moment, she let the tears run down. She felt so happy to see him, she wasn't even thinking of Steve ... Asher was right. She was shyte.

"Um ... let's get him home. You can drive me back so I can get my car out of here, and I can give Harrington a ride back" Jonathan gently instructed. Nancy nodded barley able to help lay Asher into the back seat. This night was nothing like she had hoped.

Unknown to the trio Steve came outside looking for Nancy, but all he saw was Nancy and Jonathan riding away in Asher's car, whether he

was laying in the back or not, Steve felt part of his heart break.

“Did she just ditch me for Byers?”

Steve knew he had stronger feeling for Nancy then she did for him, but this was too much. She could have at least told him before finding a replacement Suddenly, nothing else mattered. Getting drunk sounded like the best thing as of right now. Minutes felt like hours to Steve, he had no idea how many punch drinks he went through, he knew only one thing for sure, he succeeded at his goal. Well, maybe he was a little successful.

He could barely walk, all that kept him from face planting was a pair of strong arms that circled around his torso.

“Whoa man! You ok?” a voice echoed to him. All Steve could differentiate was blonde hair, blue eyes and a leather jacket that barely covered the bare stomach and abs bellow it. Now the room felt really hot all the sudden.

Steve let a small laugh, why was his friend so worried about him? He’s done stupider things, “I’m fine, Torres-“

“I’m not Torres, pretty boy.”

“Yeah, yeah, enough with the twin bullshit. I know you want to get to know him but Jesus, you don’t need to fake an American accent,” Asher kept trying to talk to him, but Steve could barely make out he was saying. All he felt was his body being dragged to a car and arm

hooking underneath his legs as he was being shoved into a passenger seat.

Soon the car started up and Steve was being driven away from the house, "Pretty boy, where you live?"

"Torres, why you asking? You know where. Locha Nora? White house? Pool? Just me? ... O-Only me, " Steve laughed dryly. Tears ran down his face that he didn't know he was holding back. First his friend acts like a jackass and then his girlfriend runs off with the same guy that took photos of them like a creep. He never won at anything.

"Ok princess just give me a few minutes. You owe me gas money, and you better not throw up in my car, or scuff my damn seats," the voice demanded. But yet, something about the voice sounded gentle to Steve.

"I really hope you and Billy ... Hargrove, or whatever the fuck his name is, get along. I wish I had someone pop up in my life ... someone who gave a shit ..." soon the car stopped. Steve had no idea where he was, but he was with his friend, so what did he worry about?

Without warning, Steve felt his seat being lowered to where he was almost laying down. The next thing he saw was Asher hovering right above him with a softened look, "You want someone to care about you? Hmm?"

"Yeah ... ha ..." the alcohol was controlling Steve in a grip he

couldn't escape. He was no longer in control of anything, and he liked it. His friend leaned in closer, his mouth was right behind his ear. A muscular hand was gently stroking his thigh in a long circular motion that made the blood in his body run south.

"I can show you a good time, if you want it," Steve had no idea if this was the right thing to do, or if he would regret it, but at the moment it didn't matter to him. Nancy obviously didn't want him, she made it clear he was nothing more than a runner up in her eyes. He nodded his head slowly, trying his best to focus on the long blonde hair pieces that blocked his vision. The blonde just gave deep chuckle.

'Just sit back and enjoy yourself. I'll take care of everything, Pretty boy.'

3. Monday Morning and I Need a Fight

Summary for the Chapter:

WARNING!

Descriptions of blood and violence

Chapter 3 – Monday Morning and I Need a Fight

“Monday came too bloody soon,” Asher was not happy, why? First, he came home drunk as a village idiot, two Steve had not spoken to him since Saturday night and three his mom was pissed. The mad pissed.

“Sweetheart with all due respect you brought this on yourself,” His mother, Melissa chided him as he drove her to her vet office that she and her husband owned before he had to make the trip to school.

“I know mum- “

“No, you don’t,’ she interrupted, she took a deep breath, she was tired of scolding her son over his behavior, ‘First you got so pissed you couldn’t walk, you left poor Steve behind and all for what? Because someone got under your skin? Thank God the Byers boy drove you back home.”

Asher wanted to sink into his car seat, “I have a good reason- “

“In that case, you can explain after school since you were so adamant on not saying anything all of Sunday,’ As they got the office Melissa signed heavily, before leaning over to kiss the side of her son’s head.

‘I love you Ash, but if something is bothering you that much, I would prefer you come to me and have a chat rather than endangering yourself.”

Asher gave a smile back, he felt so guilty, it killed him that he was keeping this big secret. He told his mom everything, “Yes, mum. I’ll come by with Steve after school for my shift.”

“That’s my good boy. Remember we are getting a whole litter of kittens today, so both of you better be prepared!” she grinned waving as she walked away from the car. As Asher got further and further away from the office, he finally let a sigh of relief he didn’t know he was holding. He was so close to telling his mom what actually happened, but what he supposed to say? Hey mum, here’s your other son. You know, the one you never mentioned existed?

The whole ride over to school was torture he really hoped he could talk to Steve before school started and before *he* got there. At least he got one his wishes. Steve was hanging out right on the hood of his Beemer, all by himself.

As Asher parked his car he felt his small dose of hopefulness disappear. Steve’s eyes were puffy and red, and he looked as if he aged several years within 48 hours.

“He’s been crying ... why do I feel like I’m related to this?”

Without a second thought Asher got out running towards Steve, "Harrington!"

Steve didn't share the same enthusiasm, "Hey man."

"What's wrong?" Asher tried his best to look confused at his friend's state. He wasn't about to make a possibly bad situation worse.

"Nancy broke up with me yesterday, she said that she cared for me but that she didn't love me,' he barley muttered, 'I don't even remember anything from that night ... one moment I'm trying to find you and the next thing I know I was waking up in bed with a giant headache.'

Steve looked up at Asher, smiling for the first time that morning, 'By the way thanks man for taking me home. I was totally shit faced.'

Asher felt his blood run cold, "W-What?"

"You know, you took me home and shit. I woke up in bed and saw some water and Tylenol,' Steve explained not even noticing the pale look on his friends face, 'Thanks man. I'm sorry I doubted you.'

"Fuck! Someone took him in their car. How am I supposed to explain this to him?"

“Steve, listen- “

“Hey Torres!” oh double fuck.

The pair turned around to see Billy, grinning as if he won the noble peace prize, while leaning against his Camaro. The redhead girl Asher saw Saturday was standing on the other side, her curiosity at watching the pair was rivaled by group of boys that was not far away. Asher could have sworn they were watching her. Was everyone interested in this shit now?

“It’s Hawkins you idiot. Nothing ever happens, of course they’re going be interested in this bullshit.”

‘You did a pretty good keg stand, you a professional or some shit? I’ve never seen a dude hold a handstand that well,” the blonde joked, Asher knew something else was going on.

“He’s not interested in the kegger, he’s talking about something else. But what?”

“Ya, I got my talents. You know, swim and dive really help with that.”

“Yeah? You do the flips and shit?” Asher wanted to rip his hair at the moment. Against his better judgment he allowed himself to walk directly into the bait.

“Yeah, won two State Championships, I also surf whenever I can” Billy nodded his head, if Asher didn’t know better, he would think Billy was actually impressed. At what, he didn’t know. Maybe he wasn’t too bad.

“Hmm, another thing we have in common. Not the sissy flipping shit, but surfing is pretty cool. That’s what I did in California,” ok maybe he was still an asshole.

Asher just scoffed at that, he mentally decided to just take what he could get, “Didn’t think certain sports were sissy sports. But I guess that’s a lot coming from a guy with an earring.”

Billy gave out small laugh walking closer to Asher. Steve could tell this was going downhill quickly. If tension was lethal everyone around them would be dead by now.

“Torres, come on,” Steve grabbed Asher’s arm trying to lead him away, but the blonde wouldn’t budge. Instead, he just inched closer to Billy.

Steve rolled his eyes,” Since when I become the responsible one in the group?”

“Feeling brave now? After you ditched Pretty Boy at the party?” Billy challenged back in quiet voice, blowing smoke in Asher’s face. His double didn’t back off one inch. But he wasn’t done with all his strategies. He was just getting started.

'By the way, I didn't know Harrington had that Cyndi Lauper poster in his room, good thing I left him the Tylenol," Asher felt as if he head was being smacked against a brick wall. He was right. Steve wasn't taken home by Asher; he was taken by Billy. He was so focused on getting drunk that he completely forgot his friend was in the same house as his asshole twin.

"That's why Stevie thought I was the one to take him home!"

Asher leaned in whispering, "You better not have done shit to him, Hargrove. Or we'll have trouble."

Billy just smirked back, he knew he was getting under Asher's skin, "What's wrong Torres? You got something for him? Don't worry, I didn't do anything to him ... well at least not anything that he didn't ask for when he was below me."

All hell broke loss.

Asher flung his head forehead, blundering right into Billy's nose. Asher didn't even care that his freshly washed blonde hair had traces of blood in it. The loud crunching sound that he felt crash against his forehead was so satisfying that the pain forming in his head didn't even register.

"FUCK!" Billy screamed grabbing his nose, dropping his cigarette. He let out a deep grunt before looking back up at Asher. His blue eyes only spelled fury, 'You fucking bitch!"

Asher dropped his stuff to the ground, if a fist fight was needed to shut the guy up, he would do it. He didn't care if the guy was all talk, "Look in the mirror Hargrove! Red's a nice color on you!"

Billy didn't respond back, instead he only started laughing. From far away Max felt her eye widen in dread. She knew that laugh from anywhere. Billy only laughed like that when he was really mad.

Behind her the party watched in shock and slight excitement.

"I hope Asher kicks that guys ass," Mike breathed out, smirking at the blood running down Billy's face. Lucas looked at him as if he was psycho.

"Dude!"

"What? Have you already forgotten he tried to run us over?"

"No, but in case you haven't forgotten he's sharing a face with Torres over there. He didn't do anything wrong. Don't you feel just a bit bad about this?" Mike rolled his eyes; he wasn't about to admit his friend was right.

Will looked at the twins in curiosity, but it didn't erase the guilt he felt in his gut, "Shouldn't we get someone? I don't think this is gonna end well-

“Just watch!” Dustin interrupted pointing at the two guys who were just circling each other. Both waiting for an opportunity to fight back. Will bit his lip, he knew this was going to get ugly really quick.

Steve watched in quiet anticipation. He wanted to watch Billy get his ass beaten, but he didn't want his friend to get expelled if he could prevent it.

“Dammit Torres! Since am I the one that has to rescue you all the time?!”

Steve dropped his stuff running over the pair, he really hated being the referee between the two of them. His first mistake was even attempting to get between the pair, “Guys stop! The cops will show up- “

Within that second a fist flew right into his face, square in the eye. He didn't know who threw it. The blow was hard, it made the hits given by Jonathan look like baby punches in comparison. Steve was out before he hit the ground. Asher was barely able to catch him.

“Shit!” Dustin yelled; he felt his own face hurting from hearing the blow. Mike and Lucas just continued staring, by now Will couldn't even watch anymore.

“Shit! Steve! STEVE!” Asher yelled trying to shake his friend awake, but he got nothing. It was a clean knock out, now Asher was mad. Billy looked back in slight shock, he thought he had a clear shot. He never even saw the brunette coming.

Asher didn't care, 'You dumb fuck! I'll bloody you up real good!'

"Well, you got some fire in you after all!" soon Asher felt a blow hit him directly in the eye, before he had time to recover, he felt Billy all but football tackle him to the ground. Asher didn't even hear the crowd gathering around them, or Max screaming for her brother to stop or really anything. All he could focus was getting the heavy blonde off of him. Twins or not, he knew Billy had a weight advantage on him.

Billy threw punch after punch but through all the pain Asher had a strategy. He grabbed the sides of Billy's rib cage before pressing as much pressure as he could, he could feel the ribs scream in pain at the amount of force he inflicted. Soon enough Billy was screaming too.

"Fuck!" Asher took that chance to roll out from under Billy to put him in a choke hold, the blonde sounded like he was struggling to breathe, but Asher didn't care. He had Billy where he wanted him. just as he thought he was going to win; he felt the blonde's skull blunder right into face. Asher immediately let go temporarily nursing his nose, he wasn't about to let Billy win on a cheap shot.

"Red's a nice color on you too Torres!" Billy growled back.

Letting out a yell that released every ounce of adrenaline he threw a right hook, aiming for Asher's head. Too bad Asher had the same idea in mind. Within an instant, Asher and Billy landed on the ground. Both were now struggling to stay conscious, while ignoring the sting that was invading their eye sockets.

“Oh! Double knock out!” someone yelled out gleefully.

Billy was barely able to get back onto his feet, his lungs were screaming from the lack of air entering them, but he was so close to winning. He grabbed Asher's collar forcing him to look at him. Billy felt a small amount of pride from seeing his handy work close up.

“Ready to call it quits, Aussie boy?” Asher didn't speak for a second, Billy was waiting for him to fall back into unconsciousness. Instead, he felt warm liquid get all over his face. Within a blink of an eye blood and spit was all over Billy's face eyes.

“AHH!” Billy screamed as he felt the copper sting his eyes, ‘I'm gonna kill for real! Fuck!’

Asher was barely able to stand as Billy released him out of his grip, “No, you asshole! I'm going to end this!”

Before he could land a punch around the same time Billy readied his punch, he felt something, or someone hold him back. Fully healed he could get the person off with ease, but even in with adrenaline in his current state Asher was no match. Jonathan could barely keep his hold on him, “Stop! He's not worth it!”

Billy grinned; this was his chance to get his opponent while he was down. Instead he felt himself falling face fist into the ground. He was barely able to turn back to see that it was Steve whose arms were around his leg. Billy felt both conflicted and mad, yet his steam of

anger seemed to slowly evaporate on the spot when he saw the same brown eyes from the Halloween party meet his eyes.

“Why is he helping me after I gave him a shiner?”

“Come on, Hargrove. You made your point!” Steve slurred. Billy felt more guilt burying itself into his gut.

“Let go Harrington! I have to finish what I started!”

“I would stop if I were you son,” the voice warned. Billy turned around to see it was a cop, but not just any cop. It was fuckin police chief everyone had mentioned when he and Max first moved to town. Billy inwardly groaned. He knew as soon as Neil found out he was screwed. No amount of explanation or reasoning could save him.

“Is it too late to write a will?” he asked dryly. He then felt the grip around his leg loosen, he turned around to see why; Steve sank back into unconsciousness. The bruising forming under his eye and the bleeding dripping down his face was more apparent than before.

“I’m fucked.”

Unknown to him, his opponent was sharing the same thoughts just a few feet away.

Notes for the Chapter:

Is it rushed? Yes.

Do I love my drama? Double yes.

Please comment if you can, thank you!

4. Unplanned Reunion

Summary for the Chapter:

WARNING:

- Child abuse and mention of past abuse
- legal inaccuracies
- homophobic language
- Some slight O.C moments for Billy

Chapter 4 – Unplanned Reunion

“I’m surprised to you here Torres ... same with you Hargrove,” the principle looked back and forth at the two mentally trying to keep track of who was who. With the bruises, cuts and blood covering their clothes it was hard to keep track of who was who.

Both had ice packs on their left eye, the only thing separating them from further attacking each other was the gym teacher standing between the two. Billy tried his best to hide his nerves, the thought of being suspended scared him, not because he gave a fuck about missing school, it was his father that was the problem. Asher was concerned for a whole other reason.

“Where is Steve?”

The principle sighed deeply, “Mr. Harrington was taken to the hospital by ambulance, last I checked he may have eye socket fractures but it’s not clear if he wants to press charges at this time.’

Billy felt a punch feeling hit his gut, *"I'm just like him."*

'Anyways, this is a first-time offense for both of you so I will be implementing two weeks of detention or you can be paddled everyday after school for a week-' before the principle could finish the phone rang. As she spoke on the phone her expression changed into shock as she listened more and more into the conversation.

The blond pair watched in silent curiosity as the principle finally hung up the phone. She looked more stressed out then before, "Anyways as I was stating-"

Before she could talk further, the door was swung open revealing an angry man whose head looked ready to blow. Asher squinted his eyes at the man's face, something about him was familiar-

"What the hell?! Two days Billy! Two days!" Asher was startled. Was this man on medication? Or booze? He knew he had the right to be mad, but this seemed kind of extreme. What surprised him more was Billy's reaction, which had the same look of someone who was about to go to the execution chamber. Just as he thought Billy was gonna be taken away from the office instead Asher felt the man grab at him.

'Let's go! I'll deal with you at home!' Asher wanted to roll his eyes, this man couldn't tell his who was his own son? But with the man all but manhandling him he couldn't find it himself to even get annoyed.

"Whoa! Let me go! I'm not Hargrove, I'm Asher!" then everything in the room seemed to still, no said a word. Even Billy looked scared shitless.

Neil lowered himself looking at Asher with a stare that could scare the holy spirit out of anyone, “What the hell did you say you name was?”

Before Asher could answer he saw his dad come into the office, the glare on his face was obvious but his anger looked more aimed at Neil, who still had an iron grip on him. Within an instant, his dad grabbed the man’s arm forcing him to let go of Asher’s sleeve.

“Get your grubby hands off my son!” the angry man looked ready to blow. Soon he was sizing up the man right in front of him.

“He ain’t your son, child kidnapper. He’s mine,’ Neil growled trying to size up the man how had a few inches on him, but he was gonna give up that easily. Neil pointed at Billy then at Asher and himself, “They are Hargrove’s. Identical twin boys, born November 22 to be exact. I am their *real* father, Neil Hargrove.’

Neil pointed at Billy, ‘He’s William Silas Hargrove and he,’ turning his finger to Asher, ‘is Asher Holden Hargrove.’

Asher looked at the man wide eyed, he locked eyes with. Billy pointing at the man, liping “*how does he know my name?*”

Billy didn’t dare say anything. Asher was now seriously wondering if he was gonna to go home with his dad ... or this man.

Asher's dad wasn't about to back down, "You're wrong, mate. My lovely Melissa and I raised him since he seven years old. Through sickness, school and that nasty head injury that he 'mysteriously' got-

"That fuckin whore!"

"What you say about my wife!" just when the two men were about to engage in fistfight themselves, the door bolted open.

"Ok enough!" Hopper stood at the door, both men stopped, 'I just got a call from a Mrs. Melissa Torres. She produced a document from a court judge order in 1974 that gave her custody of her sons, William and Asher Hargrove-

"Bullshit! I raised that boy by myself for ten years!" Neil yelled back, his face was now turning bright red. Hopper rolled his eyes, why did people think yelling at a cop helped them?

"Doesn't matter, Hargrove. You violated that court order and will need to go through a judge to get any type of custody between them. Considering what your ex-wife stated in this custody, I have no reason to trust you with any children in your care-

"I did nothing illegal, Chief. I took Billy with me before that order was approved and last I check no one cared one bit that I took my own kid-

“Hargrove, you may have forgotten this, but it isn’t the 70’s anymore. My guess is you moved out of your county line and gave the Impression you weren’t any danger to your kid whenever asked and that your ex-wife choose this arrangement. Both of which are looking more untrue the more I read the documents-“

“You are not taking my son!” just when Neil was about to move, Hopper acted first. Much to Billy’s surprise his dad was in handcuffs within seconds. Both twins had a hard time understanding what Neil was saying as he was led out by the cop that had been accompanying Hopper.

Hopper walked in the hallway yelling, “Keep him in for 24 hours for assaulting a cop, maybe some cool off time will convince him to work with us.”

If Billy could roll his eyes without hurting himself, he would. His dad cooling down? Hell, no.

Hopper turned back to the two boys, the cop was clearly stressed and beyond his bullshit amount for the day, ‘I have to wait for a fax to come in, but the judge will have the temporary custody order by tonight.”

“Wait ... so I’m not allowed home?” Hopper looked sympathetically at the teen.

“I’m afraid not, son,’ Asher looked at his twin, well confirmed twin, in anticipation. Did this mean what he thought it meant? ‘You will be allowed to take your things with you, but I’ll have to supervise

you today, since your father has already shown he can't be trusted to follow through with the law on his own."

After getting their after-school punishments confirmed, both choose the shortest ones, both were allowed to leave the school. Hopper followed Billy to his house to pack whatever he could while Asher and Matias followed closely behind him. The whole ordeal was awkward at best, most of his belongings were still packed in moving boxes but it didn't help that he was moving houses for the second time within a month.

Billy was extremely pale by now, he asked Asher's dad the question he needed to hear confirmation of just one more time, "I-Is my mom here?"

Asher's dad smiled as he packed another box in the trunk, "Can confirm that, mate. We own a pet clinic and shelter in town too."

He leaned down giving Billy his hand, to which he hesitantly took, "Sorry we aren't properly introduced, name's Matias Torres, I married my lovely wife, your mum, about ten years ago. And listen, since your Asher's brother our house is your house."

Billy was dumbstruck to say anything, this man was the opposite of Neil, "*No wonder mom choose him.*"

He had so many questions, yet his shock prevented him from asking the list of questions he knew he wanted to demand of his mom and her new husband. Hopper helped packed the last box into his own car.

He looked at both boys with a small smile, “Ok boys ... I know this whole situation has already been traumatizing-“

“Where is my mom?” Billy demanded; Hopper felt his patience slowly slip away with Billy. Thankfully Matias could be counted upon.

“She’ll be home in a while ... but I really need tell you two some things before she comes back-“

“Like what?’ Asher demanded from his car,’ That you and mum lied to me all these years? Or that my bio dad was actually an abusive wife beater?”

“Melissa was supposed to get custody of both of you ... but you father well. ... I can’t say I know all the details,’ Matias breathed out, ‘ But when Hargrove got Billy, Melissa tried getting him back, but the police were no help. A missing child was just a file that was filed out and put away into a big file. They had no way of locating missing children in the 70’s or even now really. Plus, from what I remember the custody order was not official yet for whatever reason when you two where separated-“

“So, my dad can still get me back?”

“I’m afraid so ...”

“Hopper ... is there anything we can do?”

“Well, the judge is allowing for temporary custody but considering both these boys will be 18 in less than a year they are likely going to be asked which parent they would rather live with-“

“I can choose?”

“Well not exactly but considering your almost a legal adult your opinion will weigh a lot. Considering your father committed a possibly felony over a decade ago I doubt the judge will not honor your favor for any custody,’ Hopper explained. For the first time, Hopper saw a moment of hope on Billy’s face.

‘I have to go; my daughter needs to be picked up. Since Harrington can't-“

“Harrington’s a babysitter?”

“Yeah, but thanks to you two he’s out of commission,” Hopper rasped, shutting the Camaro's trunk after he heaved the last box inside, 'I'm going to make sure you both get home, I don't want any attempts at running away."

Billy said nothing as he and Asher walked back to their own cars, not even a smarts remark at Hopper's accusation. Neither twin said anything as they drove away from Neil’s house.

...

Both boys stayed at home, leaving Matias to pick up Melissa from the vet's office. Which left Billy and Asher to 'get settled'.

"So, this is your room, god you lucked out," Billy joked, taking the top bunk by throwing his book bag on the top. Asher rolled his eyes.

"Yeah, yeah, just choose a chest and place your shit inside," Asher instructed, sitting down on a bean bag chair in exhaustion. Billy kicked the beanbag, getting Asher's attention.

"Ok. Give it to me straight, why are you pissed?"

Asher scuffed, "Let me fuckin see, first you show up like a one man show. Then take advantage of my friend-"

"Whoa there, partner!' Billy yelled, forcing Asher up, 'I did not take advantage of pretty boy!"

"You said 'I didn't do anything. He didn't want!" Asher yelled back.

"God dammit,' Billy pinched his bridge before meeting eyes with Asher again, 'I said that to rile you up!"

“What?”

“Jesus,’ Billy breathed out. He playfully poked Asher’s chest, ‘Your my double. I wanted to see if had some fire in you. When I mentioned pretty boy. That seemed to do the trick-“

“You fuckin baited me?”

“And it worked right?’ Billy poked, Asher’s glare didn’t relax, ‘What afraid you won’t get pretty boy for yourself?”

“What?’ Asher asked, raising one his eyebrows, ‘No I’m not like that, I just-“

“Didn’t want a fag to take advantage of your friend?”

“First off mate that your description not mine. Second, I don’t care who you fuck and third if you want to be a dick there are millions of things to be a dick about. Claiming you fucked my friend while he was blacked drunk isn’t one of them,” Billy raise his hands in ‘surrender’. He sat on the bottom bunk.

“Fine I’ll tell you what happened,’ Asher nodded, giving Billy his undivided attention.

‘I was in my car, I drove him home and he kept calling me ash,’ Billy gave a dry humorless smile, ‘He looked fuckable but after he kept

calling me Ash over and over again, I couldn't stand it. Him being wasted was bad enough. I brought him inside, left some Tylenol and left. That's it.'

Asher fell silent, the guilt was slowly getting to him, 'Plus ... knowing mom is here. I don't want the first impression she got of me was that I'm fuckin rapist.'

Asher bit his lip before meeting eyes with Billy again, "I'm sorry mate--"

"Don't,' Billy grumbled, he looked dead into Asher's eyes. Asher could see the silent plea in his twins'eyes, 'Just keep the fairy stuff between us, ok? I already got my ass beat in Cali for that, I don't need a repeat. Especially if pretty boy remembers that night."

Before Asher could ask more questions, a knock filled the room. Matias entered the room, he smiled gently at Billy.

"Billy, your mum is downstairs ... are you ready to meet her?"